

The Last Halloween

by TheDarkPlume

Category: Halloween

Genre: Angst, Horror

Language: English

Characters: Jamie L., Michael M.

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-06-13 22:41:29

Updated: 2014-06-13 22:41:29

Packaged: 2016-04-26 22:28:51

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 7,490

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Suppose when Michael disappeared from that jail in the last scene of Halloween V, Jamie was abducted by Wynn as well. Now awaken from his enchanted sleep, Michael comes face to face with his niece and must make the ultimate sacrifice. Take a glance inside the mind of one the most frightening slashers ever created.

The Last Halloween

****AN: I never cared for **_**Halloween 6: The Curse of Michael Myers**_** for 3 reasons. Reason #1 - Danielle Harris didn't play Jamie Lloyd. Reason #2 - Jamie's death was more horrific and brutal than it should have been. Reason #3 - Michael may have done many horrendous things in his long career as an original masked slasher, but RAPE was, is, and always will be completely beneath him.****

****As for The Curse of the Thorn revelation, well, I'm a little iffy on that. I sort of like their little explanation for why Michael does what he does purely because people like us, the fanfic writers & readers can use that to manipulate Michael Myers into almost any situation our busy little minds can fathom. However, I absolutely hate that the writers, directors, producers, etc., decided that it was time to kill the mystery of Michael Myers and explain it all away with a curse. Here's a tip, Hollywood: if you want an explanation for a beloved, successful, global franchise that was never given nor ASKED FOR - wait for the fucking remake! I would've been perfectly satisfied with Rob Zombie's more human & realistic reasoning behind Michael's deviant behavior in his **_**Halloween (2007).**_****

****Now, with all of that being said, I have decided 2 things. The first is that there are not nearly enough Halloween 2007 Michael/Annie stories & second, there are even less 1987&1989 Halloween IV-VI inspired Michael/Jamie fanfics. Danielle Harris stole my heart as Jamie Lloyd and came back to capture it again as Annie Brackett in Rob Zombie's Halloween & Halloween II. ****

****Therefore, I have decided to unleash a thought that has been tormenting me ever since I watched the first forty minutes of that God awful Halloween 6. I hope you enjoy it and feel free to review when you're done.****

****Rated M: Pervasive Language, Incest, Forced Non-Con & Dubious Consent.****

****Chapter Song:**_** Mad World - **_**Adam Lambert version. ****

*****In this story, Wynn and the cult always come to recover Michael after everyone thinks he's either been killed or captured.****

****Disclaimer: I own nothing.****

****The Last Halloween****

He could feel it the moment Wynn brought her to the secret facility. The tenuous connection they shared flared as she panicked and cried for her mommy. But her mommy was dead or so the story went. But He knew better. Laurie didn't die in a car crash. She didn't end her own pathetic existence to escape the murderous clutches of her big brother. No, Laurie Strode was still very much alive. Hundreds of miles away, he could feel her life force like a phantom echo to his own steady heartbeat. A gentle thrum in his blood. His little sister chose the cowards way out. Instead of battling him as valiantly as she had back in the Halloween of '78, she had chosen to fake her death, leaving her precious baby girl without any valid protection. Not counting that meddling old fool Dr. Loomis. Oh, just the thought of that man popping up at the most inconvenient of times and foiling his plans reignited the murderous rage that had lain dormant in Michael Myers the moment Wynn and his men collected him from that cell in '88. But Loomis couldn't do much for Jamie. Aside from shooting Michael. Again. Or trying to set him on fire. Again. What Jamie really needed was someone who understood. Someone who knew what it was to live in fear of the shadows. To taste the despair of being hunted like a captive animal set free in the wild and forced to partake in the most dangerous game. She needed her mother. Laurie hid well. So well that not even Wynn and his disciples could find her. Michael hated her for that. That first Halloween, Laurie had been the only person to escape him. Twice. She'd earned his admiration even when she shot him in the eyes. A much more commendable attempt than those knitting needles to the neck. Michael caressed the scars with an almost affectionate air. But when he'd awoken from his ten-year recuperation for Wynn to tell him that his dear little sister had faked her death, but left her child, her little girl behind to be raised by strangers...well, Michael learned that day that a knife, while handy and familiar was not always crucial to his rage induced kills. Michael had painted the white walls of his recovery room red with the blood and gore of Wynn's men wrought by his bare hands. Wynn himself, had stood back and watched, puffing on his pipe as his men screamed and pled for mercy. His cold gray eyes twinkled merrily as the sound of crushed bones and the wet smack of hot blood and organs hitting the floor echoed hollowly around the room. Once the last of the five broken and destroyed men stopped twitching and lay still in his own waste, the rage finally released Michael from its hellish jaws and he was able to think again. Spending most of his childhood and nearly all of his adult life as a willing mute, Michael had nothing but time to think. He thought of the little girl. Wynn had so

graciously stalked the child from the moment of her birth while Michael was indisposed. She was a gorgeous little thing. With what he easily recognized as Laurie's facial structure, the dark hair of her father, Jimmy Lloyd (he was a complete waste of space who according to Wynn, skipped out on Laurie the moment he made the connection between her and himself). Michael would have killed him the first chance he could if Wynn hadn't have already beaten him to it. But there were two things that Jamie had that would always make her his. She had the Myers button nose that had somehow skipped Laurie, and biggest of all, Jamie had his eyes. Those midnight black eyes that at a glance looked so sinister and haunting. They almost seemed out of place in such a face as innocent as Jamie's, and yet, they fit her perfectly.

Michael could never forget the day he was finally allowed out from under Wynn's thumb to meet his adorable little niece in person. He remembered showering and shaving. Shaving came easy after having watched his father shave as a little boy while his mother made breakfast in the kitchen and Judith sat in front of her vanity mirror giving her hair exactly one hundred brush strokes. He'd had a new set of coveralls brought to him and spent fifteen minutes in the Room of Masks. He saw his very first mask from '78 and while his fingers itched for the familiar rubber, Michael stamped down the urge. That was Laurie's mask. Even though she now lived like a coward, hiding instead of fighting, his perceived face had made an impact on her and would for the rest of her miserable life. That mask spoke of memories of pain and loss that was theirs and theirs alone.

Of course that left Michael with the dilemma of what mask to wear. Some were good, others were ridiculously comical and thus insulting to wear. He wanted emotionless and unrelenting. Not sleepy. Not sad. Not dazed and surprised. Was that one SMILING? Michael made a mental note to kill the mask designer at his earliest convenience. Stoic and merciless. That's what he was and that's the type of mask he needed. Just when he thought the rage sparked by his frustration would swallow him whole, Michael found his new mask. The expression was as blank as a white canvas. The lips thinned to near non-existence. The hair was a darker brown and significantly longer than that of Laurie's mask. But what really won Michael over were the eye holes. The large round empty spaces were perfect for showing his little niece 'the blackest eyes, the devil's eyes'. The same eyes that were her own. This was Jamie's mask. Little Jamie Lloyd. She had been such a treat that year. Her wide, beguiling eyes taking in the chaos and horror around her. Gifts, little one. They are all gifts for you. Michael would never forget their first meeting in the pharmacy. Little Jamie had been left to her own devices while her foster sister made eyes with the boy who clearly lusted after the blonde on the ladder more than he wanted her. Rachel. Michael felt the primal urge to fillet the girl every time he'd heard her name. To think that she and her parents had any claim to his niece set a murderous rage coursing through him. Michael had managed to push down that rage and focus solely on Jamie. She was browsing through costumes. Michael had intended to watch from the shadows, but then she picked up the clown costume. A replica of the same costume he'd chosen when he was just a little boy. The same clown costume he'd worn when he committed his first crime of fratricide. It was as if Fate had given Michael Her blessing to do whatever he wished with his little niece. He felt compelled to step forward so that she could see him in the mirror. Her reaction was worth the risk of being seen by others. She had screamed and lost her balance falling into the mirror. As the shards

of broken glass rained down around her, and Rachel and the other teens panicked, Michael easily melted back into the store shadows. He was wholly unconcerned. The girl was Laurie's daughter and his niece. A few pieces of glass was nothing. She'd have to be made of tougher stuff than that. It was in her DNA.

And Michael was right. Aside from the Carruthers bitch and the old fool Loomis getting in the way, Jamie held her own against him. She had even managed to get him to do something even Laurie could not. She made him hesitate. She called him uncle. Even with the truth slapping her in the face, Laurie never willingly acknowledged Michael as her brother. But here was this 8-year-old girl, this child, identifying him as her uncle. He almost didn't want to kill her, but every time he considers hesitating, Wynn's voice is in his head. Rather than yelling and demanding as he had in the past, his voice is soft and persuasive. 'Kill her, Michael. Kill her and you can finally rest. Kill her and your work will have finished'. 'It's a lie they both know very well, because for as long as Laurie continues to breathe, his work will never finish. Jamie escaped him that night, fighting as valiantly as her mother before her. It doesn't anger him when another Halloween passes and he sleeps while Wynn berates him for his failure. Wynn saw it all as a game of chess. Michael was the dark knight and Jamie was the queen. It was Michael's stupidity of being easily distracted by the pawns that allowed the little queen to escape. Michael resisted the urge to snap the troublesome man's spine and drifted off with dreams of wide black eyes glimmering in the darkness and of the gentlest touch to his hand when Jamie thought he was dead.

The following year, Michael awoke to visions of his little niece dressed in the clown costume and happily stabbing away at her foster mother. Through her eyes he saw the horrified faces of the sheriff, of Rachel Carruthers who wouldn't escape his grasp a second time, and best of all, good ole Dr. Loomis who screamed, 'NO! NO! NO!' as if he'd suddenly stepped back into 1963. Michael's lips twitched in a rare grin at seeing the old man so shaken. But the smile faded as he envisioned his little Jamie dressed like his 6-year-old self, holding a bloody knife. Or bloody scissors in her case. It had seemed as though Wynn was keeping secrets from him. Could Jamie bear the Mark as well? Was she meant to be the Successor? Just imagining his little niece living the same half-life he'd lived for so long, driven only to kill and kill some more, strengthened Michael's resolve to end her life before she became too far gone. As the days passed and grew closer to Halloween, the connection between Michael and his niece strengthened. Loomis is aware of this link between them, Michael knows. He sees it as an advantage, but doesn't take the time to question why it's there in the first place. That night, Michael finally had the satisfaction of ending the Carruthers bitch's life. He'd even killed her dog and as Jamie's uncle, Michael deemed it only fitting to bring the bodies back to his family home for her. More gifts for Jamie and it wasn't yet Christmas. By the time he'd finally gotten Jamie alone, Michael had killed 9 more pawns. His little queen finally in his clutches. She was frightened of him, terrified. But that little girl had bravery none of the men he'd killed could ever claim.

Lying in the tiny coffin he had taken just for her. "Uncle?" her small voice called, stilling the downward arc Michael started to make with his knife. "...Boogeyman?"

He lowers the knife, grateful Wynn hasn't started up in his head again, ranting about a child being his weakness. The little girl lay bloody and bruised but still so beautiful. As Michael remained inactive, Jamie relaxed a little more. She reached towards her face and begged, _"let me see."_

Was she serious? She couldn't possibly mean...?

But for the first time for as long as he could remember, Michael was completely in control of his actions when he reached up with trembling hands and peeled back the mask, leaving him bare and vulnerable to his little niece. The cold air hit his face almost like a burn. Jamie rose slowly half frightened, half excited that the mask was finally off.

"You're just like me," she said.

But it wasn't true. Despite almost killing her foster mother, Jamie was still very much the innocent little girl she was before he invaded her life. Just hearing her say something so wrong, so unfathomable, made something clench in his chest. In over twenty years, Michael felt the first solitary tear drop from his eye. No, he could never again be like his little Jamie. And she would never be like him.

"Let me."

Michael could almost have guessed that letting Jamie touch his face wouldn't end well for the girl and when he felt her small fingers give him the first friendly almost loving caress he had experienced in years, the rage flared again with Wynn's harsh voice demanding Michael end her life.

While Michael would've liked for it to be over, and for the next time he woke up, on Halloween to begin his new hunt for Laurie, he was grateful Jamie had escaped him for a second time.

What Michael didn't expect when Wynn and his disciples came to collect him from that jail cell was for them to take little Jamie as well. He could feel her fear and confusion. Michael didn't like these feelings. Why was she here? What was so important that couldn't wait until the following year? Wynn wouldn't tell Michael why they had taken Jamie and refused to let him kill her. He gave Michael a knowing smile and called his disciples to put him to sleep.

And they kept him asleep through six Halloweens. Sometimes, Michael drifted into Jamie's mind, sometimes she drifted into his. He watched her relive his childhood from his first kill to the first time he stalked and tried to kill Laurie. And in turn, she allowed him to see her earliest memories of his baby sister and all of Jamie's encounters with Michael. How she'd dreamed of him before he ever met her and how the other children tormented her because of Laurie's "death" and his own infamy. Sometimes Jamie dreamed of escaping Wynn's lair and marrying the little boy he'd tried to run over. In turn, Michael would send her visions of waking up the morning after her honeymoon night in a blood soaked bed with the boy lying next to her after having been stabbed to death by him. She'd soon stopped dreaming about marrying someone else.

But then Michael was awakened well before Halloween and there was

still no information on Laurie's whereabouts.

"It's time, Michael," Wynn said with a wicked smile on his lips. "Time to give life to your successor."

Michael's eyebrows rose underneath his mask. So there were plans of a Successor. It wouldn't be Jamie. Good. But the smile on Wynn's face unfurled the ball of unease in Michael's stomach. He couldn't say why, but he had the feeling it wouldn't be as simple as ending little Jamie's life.

"You've been asleep for 6 Halloweens past, Michael." As he spoke, three of Wynn's robed disciples came into the room. They started to chant in a low, incomprehensible language. "As you know, Jamie Lloyd has been here for as long as you've been asleep. Loomis, unfortunately, still breathes. We let him live because...it amuses me to watch him run around looking for the two of you." Wynn took a moment to light his pipe. After a thoughtful puff, he continues. "You may dispose of him as you wish after the birth of the Successor. We'll draw him out and then you'll be able to find that infuriating sister of yours."

Wynn looked as frustrated with Laurie as Michael felt. The chanting continued and Michael felt the familiar chains around his freewill lock in place.

"She will regret hiding, of that I can assure you, Michael. Especially when she learns of what's to take place tonight."

Wynn's maniacal glare fell upon Michael and for once, he found himself wanting to fight against the Mark's control.

"I know you don't like surprises, Michael, so here it is. We brought Jamie here the same night we freed you and have kept her here since because we needed to ensure that she remained pure until the right moment. The time for you both to give The Thorn its ultimate gift is upon us."

Piecing together what Wynn had said and everything he hadn't, Michael renewed his struggles against the mystical bindings. Wynn watched Michael's hands clench and unclench with an air of boredom.

"It will be done, Michael. You've been trying to kill her for oh so long now. Is the idea of..._bonding_ so unfathomable to you?"

It's not the same thing! Michael wanted to yell. He'd kill them all. Wynn. His disciples. Loomis for not watching over his niece closely enough. Laurie for leaving her own daughter behind like a sacrificial lamb just to preserve her own sorry skin. But most of all, Michael wanted to kill himself. Demanding that he kill every living member of the Myers family including those who sought to protect them was one thing, but this? This vile, disgusting act forced upon his own niece was too much.

"I realize that we've never asked this of you before, Michael," Wynn went on. "In many ways you're still that little boy gazing through that barred window in Smith's Grove. With that in mind, if you stop fighting against my druids, I will allow you partial control over your body during your time with Jamie." Michael's dark eyes burned hatefully as he glared at Wynn. "You know, Michael, Jamie needn't

necessarily be in one piece for this to happen," he said thoughtfully. "For example, she doesn't need all of her fingers or toes. I could even cut out her tongue so she won't scream. Would you like that?" he smiled. "Her blood coating the altar? I imagine it'd be just as good a lubricant as any."

Michael knew Wynn would do exactly as he threatened. As much as he'd love to kill the smirking man, he knew Jamie deserved better than to be mutilated before losing her dignity. Michael's shoulders sagged and the chanting that had swelled and boomed softened to near whispers. "As I thought," Wynn said smugly, knowing that this was as close to submissive as Michael would ever be.

A blonde haired woman dressed like one of the caretakers from Smith's Grove came into the room. She glanced at Michael briefly whispering in Wynn's ear. His lips curved into a smirk and the woman studiously avoided Michael's eyes as she made her way out.

"It is time."

The druids, continuing their chanting, led the way down the long, empty hall. Wynn walked confidently ahead of Michael, knowing that even if he wished to shove his fist into his back and rip out his spine, he wouldn't risk the threats to Jamie coming true.

_~ All around me are familiar faces, Worn out places, worn out faces,
Bright and early for their daily races, Going nowhere, going nowhere
~_

The Altar Room was in the very bowels of the building. As if such evil and darkness must be hidden like a dirty secret. Michael thought of his little niece and felt sick over what he must do. He tried and failed to think of her as anything but the vulnerable little girl he'd met seven years ago who cried herself to sleep thinking Laurie was in heaven.

_~ And their tears are filling up their glass, No expression, no
expression, Hide my head I wanna drown my sorrows, No tomorrow, no
tomorrow ~_

It's not as if Michael was a stranger to the act. He had killed his fair share of teenage couples before, after, and some during. The mechanics weren't impossible to work out, but for him to touch little Jamie the way he'd seen so many other men touch their women was enough to make Michael physically nauseous if it were at all possible.

The chanting druids entered the last room at the end of the hall. Their shadows danced against the walls by the flickering flames of candlelight. The closer Michael came to the room the hotter he began to feel. It was almost like being burned alive again, but in a good way. Wynn looked over his shoulder giving Michael a knowing smile that he wished he could slice off his face.

And then they stepped inside of the room.

_~ And I find it kind of funny I find it kind of sad, the dreams in
which I'm dying are the best I ever had. I find it hard to tell you.
I find it hard to take. When people run in circles it's a very, very
~_

Lit candles filled the room and in the very center was the altar and on that altar lay his niece. Jamie Lloyd. But she was no longer the little girl who had proclaimed that they were alike in the attic of his familial home. She was taller for one thing. Her face thinner as she moved through the years of adolescence. Her lips were full and plump like his own. She was paler as though she hadn't seen the sun in the six years she had been captive in the lair. Her long hair had been cut so that it just barely touched the tops of her shoulders. She lay prone with her arms and legs bound and spread, dressed in a flimsy hospital gown. This was his niece?

~ Mad world, mad world ~

Michael stood as if frozen in the doorway as Wynn sauntered up to the altar. "And how's our little Jamie this evening?" he stood over her at the head of the altar so that he would be upside down when she looked up at him. With a gloved hand, Wynn started stroking Jamie's hair. A gesture that was a little too intimate for Michael's liking.

"Please, Mr. Wynn, please let me go!" Jamie begged.

Michael felt a delicate shudder rack through his body. Her voice had changed. It wasn't the high pitched sound he'd come to associate with little girls. It was a deeper, more feminine timbre.

"Oh, but we're just getting started, my dear Jamie!" Wynn leaned down toward Jamie's ear as if to whisper, but Michael could still hear him clearly. "I've brought you a gift. A reward for being such a good little captive."

Jamie followed Wynn's eye line and sucked in a terrified gasp. Her limbs froze as if the druids chanting had affected her as well. "Mm-Michael?" she stuttered. "Michael?" she whispered.

Michael's eyes narrowed upon hearing his niece whisper his name in her new voice. Another wave of hot fire rushed over him. His hands clenched and unclenched at his sides, but this time, it had nothing to do with the rage that had miraculously quelled the moment he locked eyes with Jamie.

Jamie ceased her struggles as if all of the fight had drained out of her. "I suppose this is the end," she said to Wynn, but kept her weary gaze on her uncle. "You've brought him to finally kill me then."

Michael tilted his head in that quizzical way that would make you think of a curious puppy if he weren't so deadly. He thought Jamie seemed relieved to die?

Wynn's smirk blossomed into a full smile. Michael watched the man who may as well have been his puppeteer. He could almost see the cogs in his head turning. Wynn relished the moment and thought of ways he could prolong it. "Actually, your death still isn't for a time to come, my dear."

"Then why am I here? Why is he?" she questioned, still staring at Michael.

"Can't you guess? It's why I kept my men away from you. It's why you were never allowed physical contact from anyone within these walls. We needed you unspoiled, my dear."

If Michael thought Jamie looked pale before, she now matched the white of his mask as horrible comprehension swept over her. "You can't mean -!" her struggles renewed as she kicked out her legs and tugged at the bindings around her wrists. "Please! This isn't right! Don't make him do this to me!"

Whether she realized it or not, Michael couldn't be sure, but as Jamie struggled the bottom of the short gown she wore, rose up enough for him to see that though she was shorter than him, her legs were very long for her height.

Wynn chuckled darkly. "I don't think I'll have to make him do anything. Do you think so, Michael?"

Jamie looked at Michael again who had moved closer without her knowing. The look in his eyes was nothing like she had ever seen from her uncle. Usually, Michael had two distinct looks when their gazes locked: curious wonder or murderous rage. And while his black eyes burned there was nothing akin to rage within them. What she did see set a strange stirring in her belly.

Seeing her stilled movements as a form of acceptance, Michael moved closer. And closer. And closer until he was at the base of her altar. She was the epitome of the sacrificial virgin. Only instead of being offered to a pagan God, she was gifted to her uncle.

Michael glanced up at Wynn feeling the hold on his freewill slacken to only keeping the murderous rage he'd always felt towards his relatives at bay. Wynn drifted back, blending in with the shadows and had his druids do the same.

Their chanting was like a low hum, giving Michael and Jamie the impression that they were alone. Michael looked at his niece, who was no longer the little girl he'd stalked and hunted for two years. She was at the cusp of womanhood, and would become a woman by the end of this night.

"Uncle Michael, please don't hurt me!" Jamie cried with large tears falling from her eyes.

Those words. Uncle Michael. They struck something within him. Something he hadn't felt since the last time he held baby Laurie in his arms. He wouldn't hurt Jamie. Not purposely anyway. While they were in this chamber, causing her pain would be the furthest thing from his mind.

Michael stepped up the altar. He reached out towards her legs. His hands trembled imperceptibly and their eyes stayed locked on the other. His hands slid up her bare legs, cupping her thighs. Her skin was warm and soft. Softer than anything he'd ever felt. Jamie's eyes widened and her chest heaved as heavily as his did when his fingers wrapped around the hem of her gown. With a flick of his wrist, the dress tore from her shoulders and fell negligently to the floor. Jamie's body flushed an attractive pink as she bit her lip, both embarrassed and excited to be so exposed before the same uncle who had done his best to kill her when she was just a child.

Michael's eyes widened almost comically upon seeing his niece completely naked. The pressure rose between his legs as he gazed at her soft flesh. Before he realized it, Michael had climbed up onto the altar kneeling between her legs. His attention was immediately drawn to her chest. That was perhaps the first and only normal male reaction Michael had had when exposed to a naked woman. Rose tipped nipples protruding out from the swells of flesh that fit perfectly in the palms of his hands. Jamie gasped, pushing her breasts further into his hands. Touching her like this had been an unconscious action on his part, but Jamie seemed to like it when he touched her this way. Slowly, Michael dragged his thumbs up the sides of her rounded breasts to circle her hard nipples. Michael pinched the hardened buds between his fingers and Jamie arched her back. Michael did it again and again, just to wrench those shuddering gasps from her.

"Please, Michael," she begged.

But what was she begging for? He cocked his head to the side as she spread her legs and bent her knees as much as she could.

"Touch me," she whispered. "Touch me."

Michael's eyes raked over Jamie's soft body, following the progress of his right hand as he traced the planes of her flat stomach, he stopped to circle her belly button and met her eyes when she giggled from the tickling sensation. The sound brought back memories from watching her giggle as a little girl with her foster mother. Michael was surprised to acknowledge he missed the sound. He drifted lower, tracing the slight flare of her hips to the small downy tuft of hair between her thighs. She looked like a pink flower. A flower with moisture dripping from the petals. Michael touched her there and watched her lips part and her eyes close. With a care he'd only held for Jamie, Michael slid one long finger inside her hot cavern. Her muscles contracted around his finger gripping him and drawing him in even further. Slowly, languorously, Michael pushed his finger in and out of Jamie, marveling at the moisture clinging to his scarred and calloused skin. With each withdrawal, Jamie's hips would rise off the altar to follow the progress. Recalling the memories of intimate moments he'd suffered through from his would-be victims, Michael pushed a second finger into Jamie. She gasped and gripped at her bindings until the blood rushed from her fingertips. The moisture inside her and coating his fingers was audible now, drowning out even the low hum of the still chanting druids. He remembered everything he'd watched the boys do to the girls and how much they all seemed to enjoy it. Michael wanted that too, but something made him think he should wait a little while longer. If there was one thing Michael possessed, it was infinite patience. Besides, this was his little Jamie. She had been his the moment Laurie thought to abandon her and one day, Michael would make sure his baby sister realized how he appreciated this offering of Jamie. Right before he killed her.

"Michael!" Jamie gasped.

His eyes snapped back to his niece's flushed face. Unknowingly, he had pushed his fingers faster. Her slim body had begun to tremble as her muscles fluttered around his fingers and a rush of moisture pooled in his palm. Jamie lay back on the altar, still twitching around his fingers.

Michael withdrew his soaked fingers from his niece who whined lowly in her throat. Jamie seemed almost ashamed to meet his eyes, but that bravery she'd exhibited that was beyond her years kicked in. "Untie me, Michael," she said. "Let me touch you." Michael tilted his head to the side. _Why?_ he seemed to say. "I want to touch you the way you touched me. Untie me."

Michael expected Wynn to step in and forbid it, but the man remained cautiously silent and suspiciously removed from the unfolding scene on the altar between uncle and niece. Without another thought, Michael tore apart the bindings around Jamie's ankles. He decided to leave her wrists bound. Not because he thought she'd try to hurt him - as if she could! - but because Michael liked seeing her tied down. The beast inside him demanded she remain vulnerable to his whims. The hot sensation swept over Michael so forcefully that he had only now realized the uncomfortable pressure steadily building at his navel when he'd pushed his fingers inside Jamie. Michael now looked down at himself and found a discernible bulge at the crotch of his coveralls. Curious to see what his body had come up with this time, because it had never once failed him, Michael dragged the zipper down from his chest to his pelvis. He had a crisp white t-shirt on underneath - Michael never understood why Wynn's disciples always felt the need to dress him while he remained unconscious - that did nothing to hide his throbbing organ. Michael hadn't realized he wasn't the only one assessing his anatomy until he heard Jamie suck in a large breath. He could feel the weight of her stare on his crotch. It stood pressed against his stomach, veins visible, the tip flushed nearly the same color of Jamie's nipples, and leaking something clear. Michael pulled his arms out of the coverall sleeves and pushed the upper half down around his waist. Jamie set her legs around Michael's hips, raising herself up as best she could, looking decidedly impatient. Michael watched faintly amused as she tried to bring her running center closer to him. Already, Michael could feel the intimate heat wafting from between her legs towards his organ. It twitched and the heat that rushed over Michael had grown uncomfortable. Instinctively, Michael knew the relief he sought could be found only within his niece. With one large, heavy hand pressed against her stomach, Jamie's movements stilled, while Michael used the other to push his organ down towards the small opening he'd delved with his fingers. Feeling her opening peel back like a blossoming flower, Michael watched his niece close her eyes as her mouth opened. He sank in her like hot butter. Like his favorite knife parting an especially fleshy part of one of his victims. Jamie's pained cry was the only thing that stopped him from drowning himself in the foreign pleasures that engulfed his organ and carried on to the top of his head to the tips of his toes. Michael forced his eyes open as he loomed over his niece. Her face was twisted in what could only be a grimace of pain. That was one look he was intimately familiar with. She felt tense underneath him and held her breath. Michael hoped before meeting Jamie that she wasn't one of those brats who liked to hold their breath and pass out until their parents gave them whatever they wanted.

His fingers caressed her cheek in a barely there touch, but Jamie still didn't open her eyes. He watched her jaw clench and wondered if she was holding back a scream. When Michael saw the tears slip past her tightly shut eyes he leaned down and pressed his masked lips to hers. Jamie's eyes opened widely and for a moment, she was that wide-eyed child who understood him the way no one else had. The way

no one else cared to. He kissed her again and this time when his rubber ones met hers, Jamie's eyes fell closed and bit by bit, the tension began to leave her body. Jamie opened her eyes again and the pain that Michael expected to see there was gone. He felt her legs lift and lock around his waist. Michael pulled back slightly and thrusts forward, listening to Jamie's small moans. He did it again, faster and surer this time and was rewarded with louder sounds of pleasure from Jamie. As he sank in and out of his niece, Michael was awed by the feel of her. She was like warm, wet satin encased around him. Watching his victims engage in this primitive dance that was always a precursor to their deaths, never prepared Michael for feeling like this. Their steady rhythm left Michael wanting _more_. He took ahold of Jamie's legs, easily breaking her hold around his waist, gripped her under her knees and pressed them to her stomach. Jamie took this new position in stride and angled her hips just so that when Michael sank in again, she took him to the hilt.

"Michael!" she moaned aloud, helpless to do nothing but take his swift, deep thrusts inside her. Her skin was flushed and slick with sweat. Her hair was sticking to her forehead. Her eyes were lidded and unfocused and her lips were coated in blood from having bitten them too hard to keep from screaming out her uncle's name.

The sight and scent of Jamie's blood spurred Michael on faster. No thrust was fast enough. Hard enough. Deep enough. Her nipples brushing against his clothed chest still wasn't close enough. Michael wanted to burrow inside his niece and never come out. Wynn, Loomis, Laurie, and the world be damned.

"Oh, Michael! I-I-" Jamie couldn't get the words out and she didn't have to. Michael had a sense of what was happening and reached between their entwined bodies. He found the hard little bud and stroked it with the slightest pressure. Jamie screamed like a banshee while begging God to forgive her as her muscles contracted and moisture hit his thighs. Michael would've laughed if he could. _God? God left us to fall long ago, little niece._

Jamie felt even slicker now as he glided in and out of her. Their skin slapping together echoed loudly throughout the chamber. Michael could feel pressure behind his navel building and building, but he had to make Jamie do it one more time. His finger circled the swollen bud again watching the flush of Jamie's chest as she panted. Her muscles tightened around him again and she made a low, keening cry. Michael could hold back no longer as her satin glove held him in an unrelenting vice grip. He pressed his face against her sweaty throat as he shot jet after jet of long, hot strings deep inside her ripe womb. Blood pounded in his ears and for a single perfect moment, his vision went white. He couldn't see, sense or smell anything besides Jamie who lay underneath him trembling in the aftershocks. Michael recovered his bearings much quicker than Jamie. His breathing evened out and the limp, boneless feeling ebbed away as if it had come only in a dream. Michael pulled back and looked down in his niece's sweaty face. Her eyes were tired, but sparkling. Her cheeks were flushed cherry red and her mouth was painted crimson with drying blood. Michael thought Jamie never looked more beautiful than in that moment.

Four slow and derisive claps filled the air, sending the pleasant aftermath of their coupling to a screeching halt. "Well done,

Michael. I knew you'd never fail us." Wynn glided out of the shadows with his hands tucked behind his back as he prowled around the altar as if to take them in at every possible angle. "Well done to you as well, Jamie. I was fully prepared for you to be a screaming, sobbing mess at this point and for Michael to merely watch as a spectator whilst his body worked on autopilot. Yet the two of you have taken to the mating like ducks to water."

Michael thought Wynn had a really horrible smile when he felt as if he'd accomplished something. That, and Michael really didn't care for the way the man's starving eyes feasted on Jamie's exposed body.

"Now that you've both proven compatible with each other, we can carry on until fertilization takes place," he happily announced as if this should be taken as the best of news.

Michael felt Jamie's trembles underneath him. He thought she was frightened by the thought of having to relive this encounter again until she carried his child. But gazing down at his niece, Michael only saw fury in her dark eyes. Fury directed at Wynn.

"You WILL NOT take my baby, Wynn," Jamie vowed.

"Is that so?" he smirked.

"I won't let you hurt it the way you've hurt Michael."

Wynn laughed his horrible laugh. He snapped his fingers and the druids chanting grew louder. Michael felt his partial control disappear. Against his will, his right hand shot out around Jamie's throat. The same hand that he had used for her pleasure was back to causing pain. Jamie gasped as her eyes watered from her rapidly depleting oxygen. Michael loathed seeing the betrayal in her eyes while they were still as one.

"Foolish little girl," Wynn hissed. "There is nothing you can do to stop me. You and Michael are both mine and once the baby comes, it will be mine as well." Jamie looked like she wanted to spit in Wynn's face. Michael hoped she wouldn't. Wynn's temper was as unpredictable as his own. "I could easily have him snap your neck right now. Be thankful that you have the Myers blood and are the only one capable of carrying the Successor. It is all that sustains your wretched life."

The commands came to Michael and were immediately carried out. He released Jamie's throat as she coughed and sucked in air. Michael withdrew from Jamie, already missing the warmth inside her, and pulled his coveralls back up. He had to stare into Jamie's eyes the entire time with a pitiless expression. Wynn wanted to force humility into her. He wanted to prove that she was nothing. Nothing but a womb to carry the Successor.

"We'll leave you here for a while, I think," Wynn said with a lingering stare to Jamie's body. "Naked and bound, ready to receive your uncle's seed at my discretion." One by one, Wynn blew out the candles. "Yes, this will be a good lesson for you, young one."

The druids began to depart and just before Wynn plunged the room into complete darkness, Michael caught Jamie's eyes. She looked so broken

and beaten down. It was at that moment, right as he was locked inside his own mind again, helpless to watch as his body was controlled by Wynn's druids, that Michael resolved to save his niece and the child that they created. Whether Jamie knew it or not, there wouldn't be a need for a second encounter. Michael could already feel his seed taking root inside Jamie's womb through their connection. He would free Jamie and end this nightmare for her once and for all. Or he'd gladly die trying.

****Fin. Written Nov. 2013****

End
file.